Pilot Script: “The Adventures of Zara Thompson and the Shards of Destiny”

ACT ONE

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

ZARA THOMPSON (21, African American, athletic, sharp-witted) sits in a marine biology lecture. The classroom is filled with students, but Zara seems distant, tapping her fingers against the desk, distracted.

The professor drones on about the local ecology, but Zara’s eyes wander to the window, clearly daydreaming.

ZARA (V.O.)

(softly)

I’ve never liked waiting around for something to happen. There’s gotta be more to this world. Something bigger…

Suddenly, she’s jolted out of her thoughts by a familiar voice.

CHRIS (21, white, athletic, sarcastic) leans over.

CHRIS

You gonna space out the entire lecture or what? You know, I kinda liked it better when you were paying attention.

ZARA

I’m listening. Marine biology, right? Or is it… mysteries of the ocean? Same thing.

Chris laughs but looks around the room.

CHRIS

Okay, I’ll take that as an ‘I’m ready to get out of here.’ Got the weekend plans yet?

ZARA

I’m going with Elena. You know, that beach cleanup thing?

CHRIS

That… sounds… fun?

ZARA

(half-smiles)

It’s not about the cleanup. We’re checking out something—well, I hope it’s something—different. Something… bigger.

Chris smirks, clearly not buying it, but drops the subject.

EXT. BAYTOWN BEACH - DAY

Zara, Chris, and ELENA (21, Hispanic, insightful, deeply connected to spiritual practices) stand on the sand, gazing out at the waves.

ELENA

(squinting at the horizon)

You sure this is the place?

ZARA

Yeah. I found this old journal… well, it belonged to one of my great-grandfathers. It said there was something… unnatural washed up around here, long ago. They called it a ‘relic.’

CHRIS

(raising an eyebrow)

A relic? Sounds like a great way to end up in a mystery documentary.

Zara walks ahead, her eyes scanning the beach. Elena, always intrigued, follows. Chris lingers behind, clearly unimpressed.

ZARA

(grinning)

You never know, Chris. Maybe you’ll get famous for discovering it.

They reach a secluded part of the beach where an old, rusty crate is partially buried in the sand near a weathered, ancient tree.

ELENA

What do you think’s inside?

ZARA

(smiling)

Only one way to find out.

INT. CRATE - MOMENTS LATER

They pull open the crate. Inside is a smooth, red amulet, glowing faintly. The air around it feels different—charged, like the very atmosphere is bending around it.

ZARA

(staring in awe)

Whoa. This… This has to be it.

ELENA

I've never seen anything like it…

Chris approaches cautiously, his skepticism still intact.

CHRIS

Okay, so… what is it exactly?

ZARA

I don't know yet, but it feels… ancient.

Zara reaches out to touch it. As her fingers make contact, the red glow intensifies. The others step back, startled.

Suddenly, a shockwave pulses from the amulet, knocking everyone off their feet.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. BAYTOWN TREEHOUSE - DAY

The scene opens with Zara, Chris, and Elena waking up around the same time. They are sprawled out on the floor of an abandoned treehouse—a childhood hideaway of Chris's uncle, the place where they've often retreated for adventures.

They sit up slowly, groaning, disoriented.

ZARA

(confused)

What… happened?

CHRIS

(rubbing his head)

I feel like I just got hit by a truck… What the hell was that?

ELENA

(shaky)

I… I don’t know. I… felt something strange. Like, something entered me.

Zara stands up, her gaze drawn to a strange glowing mark on her hand—a jagged, almost scar-like pattern. Elena and Chris notice similar marks on their own hands.

ZARA

(quietly)

It’s like it’s… changed us.

ACT TWO

INT. TREEHOUSE - LATER

They all sit in a circle, still processing what happened.

CHRIS

(agitated)

This… this can’t be real. It just can’t. One minute we’re at the beach, the next we’re here, with these things on our hands.

ZARA

(gripping her hands tightly)

It is real. I felt it. Whatever this is, it’s not normal.

ELENA

(slowly)

But why us? Why now?

ZARA

I don’t know. But I think we need to figure it out. Fast.

CHRIS

(frowning)

And what if it’s dangerous?

ZARA

(serious)

It’s already dangerous. And we don’t have a choice. We need to solve this… together.

EXT. BAYTOWN STREETS - DAY

As they leave the treehouse, they are unaware of the first supernatural event happening in town. A string of mysterious burglaries has left Baytown’s residents rattled, with items being stolen without a trace.

A local police officer walks by, talking to a shopkeeper about the situation. They can’t find any leads, and there’s a growing sense of dread.

INT. LOCAL POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The officer’s report on the burglaries plays in the background as Zara, Chris, and Elena discuss their next steps.

ZARA

This feels like more than just petty theft. There’s something… otherworldly about it.

ELENA

It’s like… someone is trying to cover their tracks… too well.

ACT THREE

EXT. BAYTOWN TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

The three friends split up to investigate, still unaware of their new abilities. As they wander the streets, a figure in a hood watches them from the shadows. This figure has also been touched by the amulet’s power.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Zara is cornered by strange glowing eyes, and a rush of instinct overtakes her. Suddenly, she transforms into a jaguar, darting out of the alley and fleeing into the night.

Chris and Elena, hearing the commotion, arrive just in time to see the transformation. They're both stunned.

CHRIS

(whispering)

What… the hell…

Zara returns to her human form, shaken but relieved.

ZARA

(breathless)

I… I don't know what just happened… but I think I've got a lot to figure out.

END OF PILOT.

To Be Continued…